

Brigitte DeMeyer

"Twisted Fate"

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Here is another sad story,
About me and my poor timing,
We chose the perfect time to meet.
We fell in loving,
Knowing you had to leave.

Now I'm alone, alone.
Alone, alone.
Now your so far from home.
What kind of twisted fate is this.

Oh how I miss you dear Lindsey.
Now your halfway across the country,
I wonder if you think of me,
And experience similar feelings

And feel alone, alone
Alone, alone.
Now your so far from home.
What kind of twisted fate is this.

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